HARRY &
AT ANY
TIME

Biography of Jerome E. Kroll

I was born 5-3-42 at St. Joseph Hospital in Milwaukee, Wisconsin at 9:00 p.m. premature. My mother was Hazel Buske who was 20 years old and my father was Harry Kroll who was 23 years old and worked at Sturdy Built Equipment. My mother had one child before I was born who was born dead.

I was Baptist on 7-04-42 and had John Kroll and Marie Konziora as godparents. As of 2002 Uncle John was 87 years old and is living in a nursing home and now has dementia and his arthritis gets pretty bad at times.

My parents lived on the second floor at a home at 2169 South 69 Th Street West Allis, Wisconsin from 1942 to 1951 or 9 years. The kitchen window faced west and had a poor view because of a large elm tree that grew in back of the house. The tree had several squirrel nests and sometimes I fed the squirrel nuts especially acorn nuts.

The windows in the south of the living room was blocked by another house so there really was no view. In the flat there was no view from the north. The view from the east was part of 69 Th Street. In the flat their were two bed rooms toward the south. My brother who was one year younger and myself slept in bunk beds. Sundays were special because my father brought the Milwaukee Journal Sunday paper home plus he would bring jelly doughnuts and rolls.

Physicians at this time made house calls and I remember laying on the kitchen table while being examine by the doctor. Apparently I got many sore throats and thus it was decided to give me a tonsillectomy. I remember being rolled down a hall to the operating room.

I found a cat and convince my mother to allow him to stay in the house but once while opening the refrigerator door I closed the door by mistake on to his tail and part of his tail was cut off.

During the first four years of development a child go through language

development that is at 13 months, the first words are said, at 17 months have a 50 word vocabulary at 18 months have two words combinations at 24 months, at 37 months have a four words combination and at 40 months can say indirect requests. Thus a had a normal development.

Most of my early memories must be from age 5 through 9 years old. On one Christmas there was laid out a large Lionel train set out in the living room. The train had very large cars. It was a beautiful sight. During the war years (1942-1945) Mother placed orange electric candle light in the window. My father had enlisted in the Navy and was trained at the Great Lake Navy base, but he got out because he couldn't make some training.

Father made sofa pads I remember watching Father using a square board which had pins in which you string yarn across the pins. Before we had a refrigerator we had a ice box. I remember my mother placing out the ice sign in the window. A truck with blocks of ice would show up and bring a big block of ice into the house attached to a big hook.

Before we got our first TV, I use to listen to the Green Horney and Amos and Andy. When our little round screen TV came into the house my brother and I watched "Mama" and "Howdy Dowdy. I know I slept with my teddy bear every night until the arm of the bear was torn. When my mother threw him away I went to look at him in the trash bin in the alley.

My father already had a car and parked in a garage in the alley. My parents placed a swing set and I had a small personal garden between the garage and the lot line. In between the houses were planted lily of the valley and firecracker flowers. My parents had a close friendship between the landlord and his wife who was a painter. I know calling them aunt and uncle.

Mother had a photo album which showed me as a baby and some pictures of my brother Ronald and myself in an Indian costume and some pictures from Wisconsin Dells.

My brother and myself did play with cap toy guns which mad a loud noise if the hammer on the toy gun hit the cap just right.

Would walk with Mother to the streetcar station at W. Becher Street. This was the end of the line so the conductor would pull the seat back depending on which direction we were going. The shade in back of the conductor was in a triangle shape. The hard part was getting on the car since the step would fold down when the conductor stopped. I would try to go back to the rear conductor seat and you could see the tracks where the foot bell came from the floor.

There was a empty field at W. Becher where I would play and made forts. My Mother and us boys went to Grandma Buske once a week. At the corner of 69 St. was a red fire and police call box. I remember once getting on my three wheel bicycle and picking up the call box to see the hole where the key was used to call the fire department . The police cars were black and did not have radios in them so the police officer would have to call into the station using these boxes.

My brother and I played with three friends down the street whose name were Richard, Robert and Ronald. We used to go into the basement to drive their nice hot rod which pedal easily. They had a nice big yard with a big crab apple tree and in the fall we would throw the crab apple in a crab apple fight.

During a thunderstorm while running back home in the alley I got run over by a bicycle. Had to be taken to the hospital. Never did know who ran me over. Mother did wash in the basement and in warm weather the basement cellar doors would be opened so that the wash could be hung outside.

Mother read me stories and the best was "Bear rabbit". When I went to kinder garden school I remember crying and I remember using the large water paint brushes. In first and second grade I went to public school and remember being embarrassed by the teacher in regard to a spelling test. Mother said I broke the teachers gold fish bowl.

One night my parent were invited to the landlord flat for a card party. Later in the night after drinking bottle beer the landlord wife asked my mother which child did she love the best? Somehow this issue was pressed on and developed into a quarrel and this lead my parent decision to move. Thus a

few weeks later we were moving out the furniture and rolling up the carpet. It was exciting to move to a new location.